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Good for Deposit in the Nebraska Savings Bank will be found for Sale at the Following Places:

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A. L. Shuler, Drugs, Books, Paints, Oils and Notions, Fifteenth and O.
Baldwin Bros., Hardware, 1217 O.
McKenny & Son, Drugs, Stationery, and Notions, 2712 O.
Steiner & Scheut, Dispensing Druggists, corner Twelfth and P.
Bjorkman & Lindwall, Druggists, 226 North Tenth.
J. M. Broad, Groceries, etc., 888 North Twenty-seventh.
Lindell Hotel, Corner Thirteenth and M.
W. Gage Miller, Confectionary and Notions University Place.
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Chicago and New York

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Vestibule Limited Trains, consisting of Baggage, Smoking and Day Coaches, with Pullman Dining and Sleeping Cars (heated by steam, lighted by gas), over this line.

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Between Kansas City and SAN DIEGO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN FRANCISCO. Short Line Rates to PORTLAND, Oregon.

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E. L. PALMER, Passenger Agent,

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OMAHA, NEB.

A FAMOUS GOOSE STORY.

The Missing Leg and How It Was Accounted For.

"Wust scrape I eber got into with ole Marsa John was ober Henny. She was a harricane in dem days. She come into de kitchen once where I was helpin get de dinner ready, an de cook had gone to de spring house, an she says:

"Chad, what ye cookin dat smells so nice?"

"Dat's a goose," I says, "cookin for Marsa John's dinner. We got quality," says I, "pointin to de dinin room do."

"Quality!" she says. "Spec' I know what de quality is. Dat's for you an de cook."

"Wid dat she grabs a carvin knife from de table, opens de do' ob de big oven, cut off a leg ob de goose, and dis'pends round de kitchen corner wid de leg in her mouf."

"Fo' I knowed whar I was Marsa John come to de kitchen do' and says, 'Gittin late, Chad, bring in de dinner.'"

"You see, major, dey an't no up and down stairs in de big house, like it is here; kitchen an dinin room all on de same flo'."

"Well, sah, I was scared to def, but I tuk dat goose and laid him wid de cut side down on de bottom ob de pan 'fo' de cook got back, put some dressin and stuffin ober him and shet de stove do'. Den I tuk de sweet potatoes an de hominy an put 'em on de table, and den I went back in de kitchen to get de baked ham. I put on de ham an some mo' dishes, an Marsa says, lookin up:

"I tought dere was a roast goose, Chad?"

"I an't yerd nothin 'bout no goose," I says. "I'll ask de cook."

"Next minute I yerd ole Marsa a-hollerin:

"Mammy Jane, an't we got a goose?"

"Lord-a-massy! yes, Marsa. Chad, you wu'thless nigger, an't you tuk dat goose out yit?"

"Is we got a goose?" says I.

"Is we got a goose? Didn't you help pick it?"

"I see whar my har was short, an I snatched up a hot dish from de hearth, opened de oven do, an slide de goose in just as he was, an lay him down befo' Marsa John."

"Now see what de ladies'll have for dinner," says ole Marsa, pickin up his carvin knife.

"What'll you take for dinner, miss?" says I. "Baked ham?"

"No," she says, looking up to whar Marsa John sat; "I think I'll take a leg ob dat goose—jess so."

"Well, Marsa cut off de leg an put a little stuffin an gravy on it wid a spoon, an says to me, 'Chad, see what dat gemman'll have.'"

"What'll you take for dinner, sah?" says I. "Nice breast o' goose, or slice o' ham?"

"No. I think I'll take a leg ob dat goose."

"I didn't say nuffin, but I knowed bery well he wu't a-gwine to git it."

"But, major, you oughter seen ole Marsa lookin for de udder leg ob dat goose! He rolled him ober on de dish, dis way an dat way, an den he jabbed dat ole bone handed carvin fork in him an hel him up ober de dish an looked under him, an on top ob him, and den he says, kinder sad like:

"Chad, whar is de udder leg ob dat goose?"

"It didn't hab none," says I.

"You mean to say, Chad, dat de geeses on my plantation on'y got one leg?"

"Some ob 'em has an some ob 'em an'."

You see, Marsa, we got two kinds in 'em, an we was a little hurried today, so Mammy Jane cooked dis one 'cause I cotched it fust."

"Well," said he, lookin like he look when he send for you in de little room, "I'll settle wid yo after dinner."

"Well, dar I was shiverin an shakin in my shoes, an droppin gravy an spillin de wine on de tablecloth, I was dat shuck up; an when de dinner was ober he calls all de ladies an gemmen, an says: 'Now come down to de duck pond. I'm gwine to show dis nigger dat all de geeses on my plantation got no' den one leg.'"

"I followed long, trapesin after de whole kit, an b'illin, an when we got to de pond"—here Chad nearly went into a convulsion with suppressed laughter—"dar was de geeses sittin on a log in de middle ob dat ole green goose pond wid one leg stuck down so—an de udder under de wing."

Chad was now on one leg, balancing himself on his chair, the tears running down his cheeks.

"Dar, Marsa," says I, "don't you see! Look at dat ole gray goose! Dat's de berry match ob de one we had to-day."

"Den de ladies all hollered an de gemmen laughed so loud they yerd 'em at de big house."

"Stop, you black soundrel! Marsa John says, his face gettin white an he egerkin his handkerchief from his pocket. 'Shoo!'"

"Major, I hope to have my brains kicked out by a lame grasshopper if ebery one ob 'em geeses didn't put down de udder leg!"

"Now, you lyin nigger," he says, raisin his cane ober my head, "I'll show you—"

"Stop, Marsa John! I hollered; 'tan't fair, 'tan't fair.'"

"Why an't it fair?" says he.

"Cause," says I, "you didn't say 'Shoo!' to de goose what was on de table.'"

Century.

Paid in Kind.

A Hoosier lad of twelve years was industriously at work upon a pile of wood in his mother's back yard, when he was approached by a playmate.

"Hello, Ben," said the youngster, "do you got anything fer cuttin the wood?"

"Well, I reckon I do," replied Ben. "Ma gives me a cent a day fer doin it."

"What yer goin to do with yer money?"

"Oh, she's savin it fer me, and whe I get enough she's goin to get me a new a—"

—Youth's Companion.

From Sad Experience.

She—So you are a lawyer? What a splendid profession!

He—I'd rather be a clergyman.

She—Why?

He—Because then no one would answer me back.—Harper's Bazar.

Improved Proverbs.

He laughs best who does not laugh at a woman when she thinks there is a mouse in the room.

A rolling stone never "gets there."

When a belated husband comes in by the window a flat iron is apt to fly out at the door.

A bird and a bottle in hand is worth two boarding house dinners anywhere else.

Every man's house is his servant girl's castle.

The race is not always to the horse you put your money on.

A run in time saves the nine.

If at first you don't succeed, lie, lie again.—Tom Hall in Life.

The Wrong Kind of Copper.

"What was Loony's trouble with the authorities in Rome?"

"He was told if he threw a copper into the Fountain of Trevi he would return to Rome."

"Where was the harm?"

"He tried to throw a policeman in."—Truth.

Misinformation.

She (severely)—I have been informed that you intend to give a bachelor dinner to your friends on the day before we are to be married. Now, as I understand it, a bachelor dinner is for the purpose of taking leave of a gang of fellows whom no gentleman would introduce to his wife, and I should just like to know why a gentleman should have such—

He—My dear, you have been misinformed. I haven't the least intention of giving a bachelor dinner or taking leave of anybody.

"You haven't?"

"Of course not. I shall meet them every night at the club just the same as before."—New York Weekly.

His Find.

A schoolboy of incorrigible laziness surprised his parents the other day on returning home from school, by proudly informing them that he had secured the prize for English grammar.

"The prize for English grammar?" exclaimed his astonished father. "Why, I have always understood that you are the very last boy in the class."

"So I am, father," returned young hopeful, "and it was really Dick Porter who got the grammar prize, but he left it in the train when we changed at Chapman Junction, and so I collared it sharp."—London Figaro.

Heard in the Night.

"Mamma, please gimme a drink of water. I'm so thirsty."

"No, you are not thirsty. Turn over and go to sleep."

(A pause.) "Mamma, won't you please gimme a drink? I'm so thirsty!"

"If you don't turn over and go to sleep I'll get up and spank you!"

(Another pause.) "Mamma, won't you please gimme a drink when you get up to spank me?"—Life.

Two Kinds.

An ordinary thunderstorm is said to travel at the average rate of thirty miles an hour. Of course, that is the plain, ordinary thunderstorm that merely goes loading along for the purpose of souring milk and committing minor depredations. The thunderstorm designed especially to catch you out in your new fall suit and silk hat sweeps along at a much faster rate.—Detroit Free Press.

She Could Wait.

A Texas lady sent her servant over to the house of a sick neighbor.

"Mrs. Smith want me over to ask how your husband an comin on dis mawnin'?"

"Very bad, indeed. The doctor says he may die any minute," was the reply.

"Den I reckon I had better wait a little while, as I hasn't got nuffin else to do jess now."—Texas Siftings.

A Clever Child.

Gretchen (to her little brother)—Do be quiet, Hanschen; don't you hear that there's a visitor in the next room?

Hanschen—How do you know? You haven't been in!

Gretchen—But I hear mamma saying "My dear" to papa.—Tagliche Rundschau.

A Serious Charge.

Justice Stuffy—What charge do you bring against this prisoner?

Officer O'Toole—He was stealin fruit off a Dago widout payin fur it.

Justice Stuffy—Prisoner, you are charged with impersonating an officer, how do you plead?—New York Herald.

Method in Nero's Madness.

What the Teacher Told Robbie—When Rome burned the Emperor Nero was playing a fiddle.

What Robbie Told His Mother the Teacher Said—Emperor Nero was playing a fiddle, so they burned Rome.—Truth.

It Wasn't There.

A country girl wrote to her lover, "Now, George, don't you fail to be at the Nightingales' Retreat tonight." George wrote back that "in the bright lexicon of youth—Worcester's Unabridged—there's no such word as 'fail.'"

—Once a Week.

A Football Accident.

Friend—Were there any accidents in the football game today?

Player—Only one. A mule in an adjoining field broke loose, got mixed up with the game and was pretty badly hurt.—Good News.

No Danger of Excess.

Doctor—It is a little difficult to diagnose your case. Perhaps you have been eating too much.

Patent—Impossible. This hotel is run on the European plan.—New York Weekly.

Nothing to Fear.

Lady—Little boy, isn't that your mother calling you?

Little Boy—Yes'm.

"Why don't you answer her, then?"

"Pop's a sa."—Good News.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Nothing to Fear from Tom—We are Sure to Get There.

POOR SHOOTING.—As we were coming across the sand lots the other evening, after spending a couple of very agreeable hours at the adobe residence of the Widow Jackson, some would be assassin, who was in hiding, fired six bullets at us from a revolver. We think it was Tom Bigelow. We think so because Tom has shot at everybody in town and never hit any one. He didn't hit us. Being armed only with a bowie knife, we lit out as soon as the shooting began, and the last bullet went ten feet above our head.

We did think of hunting Tom up yesterday and splitting his ear with a bullet as a great moral lesson, but on second thought we concluded not to waste the time. He'll keep on blaging away around this town until somebody gets vexed at the noise and then he'll suddenly go home. We don't want his funeral expenses on our hands.

It's A STUNNING.—Last week, as noticed by our contemporary in adobe-leaded article with three scare heads on it, Jim Benschaw, who owns the cactus ranch out on the Tucson road, refused to take his copy of The Kicker out of the postoffice. Jim not only owed us \$1.50 on subscription, but refused his paper to hurt our feelings. He's been sore on us ever since we refused to lend him our white shirt—the only one in town—to go on a drunk in.

We want to show an accommodating spirit toward all, and we have the name of being a good fellow, but we want to say right here and now that we believe a common wool shirt is plenty good enough for any man in this town to get drunk in. If it isn't, he'd better stay sober.

When we saw Jim's little game we mounted our mule and rode over to interview him. He was expecting us. One bullet went through our hat and another raked our mule, but after that Jim lay down and we dug the bullet out of his shoulder and helped him into his dugout. He not only paid us all arrears in spot cash, but a dollar on advance subscription and as soon as able to move about he will personally canvass for subscribers.

WE SHALL GET THERE.—Last Friday evening we were nominated for mayor by acclamation, and this is equivalent to an election. We don't deny that we sought the nomination. We have had our eye on it for a year past. We shall also do our level best to snow our opponent under. We have been moved to this course by a desire to see the town well governed and because we believe the mayor should be the representative man of the town. We are that man. There's no use in filling and backing and talking about modesty and self conceit and all that. We lead this town. We know more than any ten men in it rolled together. We shall make the best mayor the town has ever had, and we shall see that all the city printing is given to The Kicker at legal rates.—M. Quad in New York World.

An Anxious Inquirer.—Valet—Doctor, don't you find that master is growing terribly thin?

Doctor—No harm in that, friend; he was getting too fat. He will be much better in health when he is thinner.

Valet (disappointed)—Very likely, only I shan't be able to wear his clothes.—Reform.

Why He Had Quit.

A cute young Detroitier fond of his horse and fond of his joke was quizzing a quaint old felly from the country the other day whom he had met for the first time.

"I understand you've got some pretty good horses," he ventured.

"Yes," said the old one warily, "I've got some good ones."

"Anything rapid?"

"Not overly. You see I ain't raisin for speed any more."

"No; why not?"

"Cause there ain't much in it for me anyhow. I done fairly well till about four years ago, when I backed a fine 3-three-04 agin a mule one of the boys owned, and since that I'm kinder discouraged like."

"Backed a horse against a mule?" repeated the young man, innocently surprised.

"Jes so."

"And what was the result?"

The old man's eyes twinkled.

"Bout what was to be expected," he said with a chuckle. "The dern mule kicked the 3-year-old full of holes in two minutes."

Fourteen men laughed all at once, and the fifteenth, who was the Detroitier, went away by himself for as much as half an hour.—Detroit Free Press.

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